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A *James Edward Francis*

P O E M

ON THE
Pretender's Birth-Day.

Parturiunt Montes nascetur ridiculus Mus.

W H A T means this Secret, yet insulting Pride,
And silent Gladness on the Factious Side?
Why look't they Sad the Twenty Eight of May,
And yet appear so Blith this Spurious Day?
A Day like when, with Universal Scorn,
The Mountains labour'd, and a Mouse was born.

Ain't this the Day, when first, ('tis said, if true)
His vital Air no greater Hero drew,
Than that same Youth, who twice from Scotland run,
And calls himself the late King *James's* Son?
Full well he's known, of most ignoble Fame,
A very Mouse, Pretender is his Name;

A

Yet

Yet happy he, in Faction gone astray,
 Whose Birth or Marriage lighting on this Day
 Gives him, as he suggests, a Specious Cause
 To shew his Heart, without offending Laws.

Better, ye *Malecontents* ! your Time employ,
 On this Cross-day what cause have you of Joy ?
 We may excuse the Emblem of the *Rose*,
 Which well your sickly Constitution shews !
 But Mirth's prepostrous for *his* Birth, to whom
 Your *Living* owe their woes, your *Dead* a Tomb.
 Rather, as duly as this Day returns,
 Lament your Losses o'er your fellows Urns.
 Had He like Glorious *WILLIAM* won the Day,
 Succour'd his Friends, nor basely run away,
 Had he some memorable Action done,
 And left some proof that he deserv'd a Throne,
 Then might You, with more Reason hold him Dear,
 Hope for his Reigning, and his Day Revere.

But well you know, and to your Fatal Cost,
 That of your Champion you have nought to Boast ;
 Let his two Scottish Expeditions tell,
 How much your Hero does in Arms excel.
 Small is his Merit, if we credit Fame,
 And good alike his Courage and his Claim :
 What Hopes, from you, has he of sure Relief ?
 What fear of Faction under such a Chief ?

Who'd

Who'd Fight his Cause? for such a worthless Prize
A single Life's too Dear a Sacrifice.

Take heed, ye Fair, that Virgin *Roses* wear,
And flush'd with Joy in new-bought Pride appear,
Lest, e'er the Tenth of *June* again Return,
You find some Cause your Gayity to Mourn.
What if each Nymph, that does the Badge approve,
Shou'd meet with Disappointment in her Love?
The Widow still without a Husband go?
The longing Virgin still continue so?
O! Maids beware! which wou'd not wish him Dead,
Rather than never know the Nuptial Bed?

Avert the fatal Ills, and let him stand
An Exile to your Hearts, as to the Land,
His failings known, no longer hold him Dear,
A *Coward* shou'd be hateful to the Fair.
Did you in him, like *GEORGE*, behold a Friend,
Fond to oblige you, able to Defend,
See from His Fruitful Loins, before your Eyes,
Such lovely Princesses, and Princes rise,
The Charming Prospect might provoke your Love,
And we might Pardon, what we can't Approve.

Thro' the long view of future Time, I see,
Imaginary Prince! no hopes for thee.
Cautious to Risk their Safety in thy Cause
His Sword, against Our KING, no Sov'reign Draws, For

For their own welfare more concern'd than thine,
 They Court His Friendship, or the War decline,
 Soon as His num'rous Fleets appear Abroad
 The Empire's easy, and the *Spaniard* aw'd.
 Nor dares the *Swede*, on whom thy Friends rely,
 His own Affair against our Monarch try.
 Who holding all his Power in just disdain,
 Preventing seeks him in his Frozen Main.
 The Czar himself that Lord of num'rous Thrones,
 Tax'd with espousing thee thy Cause disowns.
 While that in *Europe*, GEORGE no Friend might loose,
 The *Sultan* for his Mediation Sues.

To more disheart'ning Objects turn thine Eyes;
 And while you see so fair an Offspring rise.
 Tho' half the Nation shou'd for you declare
 Of ever Reigning in these Isles despair.
 The Beauteous Race adorning *Europe's* Crowns,
 Shall to our Interest, bind the Neighbouring Thrones;
 While *Brunswick's* Soul, perpetually restor'd,
 Shines forth enlarg'd in each Succeeding Lord,
 Who, like the Glorious Founder wise, and brave,
 Shall, from Pretender's, still their Kingdoms Save.



